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The last events of 1867.

THE TELE-MICROSCOPE

OF

GOTTLIEB JUNTZ,

AND THE

ORGANOPATHY

OF

WM. SHARP, M. D. F. R. S.

DEDICATED

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF THIS COUNTRY, OUR HOPE, OUR PRIDE,
NOT WRITTEN FOR THE INCURABLES, EITHER IN THE OLD OR NEW WORLD.

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H. TURNER & CO., AND JOHN EPPS, LONDON.

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Two events have taken place in the last months of last year, surpassing in grandeur, in simplicity and simpleness, all others in the history of medicine and history of all the coarse and fine arts; two events even out-poising each other. I propose to unite them, and I do it here, hoping this may lead to a union in reality. If so, we can make bonfires of all our medical books, or sell them to collectors of curiosities, and our medical Colleges may as well be closed, because of the 20,000 physicians in Great-Britain, and the 100,000 in the dominions of Uncle Sam, 99 per cent. will have to take down their shingles; the Quacks will have to cease their endless advertisements, and the world will be redeemed from the disagreements of doctors, as well as the cheats of quacks and pamphleteers.

Two great men have accomplished the gigantic work; one is the glassblower Gottlieb Juntz in Germany, the other the M. D. F. R. S. William Sharp in Great-Britain.

The discovery of the first we give in short as it came over the water by the Telegraph; the theory of the second we give in shortenings, as the pamphlet itself is to be had in all the shops for a sixpence.

Here is the first verbatim as it was cut out of the Journal of the Telegraph,* vol. 1, No. 4, Jan. 15, page 7, under the head: *Scientific*.

A REMARKABLE INVENTION.

It is stated that a German glassmaker has lately made a remarkable discovery. He has invented a telescope or magnifying glass, by means of which the most intricate nerves or vessels inside of the body may be seen from the outside. In fact, the whole arrangement and action of the interior organs may, by means of this glass, be distinguished.

The discovery will probably be of immense benefit to mankind, as *by means of it the physician will be able to determine with unvarying accuracy the nature of any particular disease, and the proper manner for treating the same.*

* Editor J. D. Reid, 145 Broadway, New York.

The name of the inventor, who will probably realize a fortune from his discovery, is GOTTLIEB JUNTZ. He is very poor, but a well-read and highly intelligent man. He has an aged mother, an invalid wife, six children, and a blind sister, all dependent upon him for support. His mother was well acquainted with the poet Goethe, and it was probably her many anecdotes of this illustrious person which first inspired her son with a desire to do something to win the respect and esteem of his fellow-men.

The glass he has made will probably place him among the first rang of inventors, and win for him the esteem of whole nations.

By means of this invention, he has already *nearly cured his wife*. Six months ago, a well-known doctor said she could not live, and pronounced her disease to be an affection of the heart.

Juntz, however, *has now proven to him*, with the aid of the wonderful microscope, that he was entirely mistaken, *the stomach alone being the part affected*.

We are eagerly looking for further information regarding Juntz and his wonderful glass.

This short notice is complete enough. It speaks for itself and needs no comment. Even no further information is wanted! All that is required is the glass, the wonderful glass. It will find a ready sale, even if a steamer were loaded with nothing but samples of the same; of course, we suppose that to each should be added a copy of the pamphlet, entitled

ORGANOPATHY, OR MEDICAL PROGRESS.

AN ESSAY

BY WM. SHARP, M. D. F. R. S.

LONDON, TURNER, 1867.

Price sixpence.

It is one of the many most remarkable coincidences in the history of the human family, that cotemporaries spring up complementary to each other. While Gottlieb Juntz plainly shows the organs to the eye, gives into our hands the plain instrument, the tele-microscope,

whereby we can see at once: organs, diseases, and also their treatment,—up springs the Organopathy as the final system of medicine, as the crowning point of all the struggles of the last four or five thousand years. Grand as it is, it still would be good for nothing, as we shall see, without Gottlieb Juntz, the glassblower's micro-telescope. Unite both together, and the history of mankind changes!

As the great discoverer Gottlieb Juntz has blown many a pipe, many bottles and bubbles, in his shop, before he succeeded in inventing the Organoscope, inspired by his mother's having been a servant-girl or washer-woman in the house of the great Goethe, who had to wear a clean shirt as well as other people—so also Wm. Sharp, M. D. F. R. S., in Great-Britain, has written many a tract for the people, and has blown them up into Essays, before he was enabled to give the most essential, the Essence of all Essays, and could come forward with his Organopathy, 1867, Price sixpence. We do not know whether his mother inspired him with the tendency to purification, or his father, but we do know, as he tells us himself, that he was originally inspired by the spirit of criticising and purifying, first all the old schools, and lastly also the new school of Hahnemann.

It is most remarkable, but it shows the great man, that he says not a single thing, mentions not an item, his anecdotes excepted, makes not even a little remark, nay! gives not a single sentence or idea, that has not been said or made long before him,—still, notwithstanding this, he received it all originally, *de novo*, and it is his, the most modest modifier's. Thus he really and sincerely regrets not being modest enough, or not appearing as much so as he would like; he wishes to avoid boasting, but he cannot avoid it, and is obliged to assure his readers of it. Preface, page 1st, line 15th from below, he says: "He claims no infallibility, and desires to express his belief with modesty." "My search" "began eighteen years ago," "never intermitted," "the progress made" "has been progress," "I have" "I hope modestly," "placed it before my cotemporaries!"

"Eighteen years' work," Hausmann says, (page 1st, line 2d from below): "requires eighteen days' reading *at least*;" he gives us 871 pages, and expects us to read three sheets a day, after paying six dollars for the book. Our modifier of therapeutics requires for his eighteen years' researches hardly eighteen minutes, and asks only a sixpence!

Page 20 : The seventeen years, elapsed in 1867 since 1850, swell up to eighteen *only*; he only requests the attention of his profession to “the results of eighteen years of research.”

Page 28, in 9 lines the word “I” and “my” appear *only* 6 times, and *only* 5 times more on the same page. If we compare this with the books of “clear-headed” Cullen, for instance : his preface to the *Materia medica*, it appears exceedingly modest.

He gives on the first pages a necessary and unavoidable glance at the history of medicine, from the times before Hippocrates, the father of all medicine, and the dark ages following; he does this, as it were only to prove that he never read a single treatise or book of any of all the authors he quotes page 2, 3, 4 and 5. He knows that his readers either do not know this themselves, or do not care much about knowing it; and such as do know better, will not take the trouble to prove his “seven errors in six lines !”

And why ! all history is of no use whatever any more, now, since Organopathy abolishes all and every school. But this introduction is as essential as the little root which goes down from a bean into the dark ground beneath. It is taking hold.

In his next paragraphs he repeats in essence all and everything that has been said by the homeopathic school against the old and alloepathic doctrines, and in the next following he repeats in essence all and everything the opponents of Hahnemann have said against him, since the beginning of our century. His essay thus, like the ordeal-bean, comes out of the ground with two big cotyledones — the two breasts for the newborn, double yolk of the bird — and in the midst of it the little germ Organopathy ! Here an old word has to take an entirely new sense, to signify the often warmed-up dish of Sauerkraut, the doctrine of arranging drugs according to organs, long known before, the only rule of Dioscorides. Reil gave it improved homeopathically, and Rademacher, according to Paracelsus, alloepathically — but never was it placed between the Dicotyledones mentioned above, as the *Ne plus ultra*, to grow and overshadow the world. We suppose as a matter of course, as the one condition, the *sine qua non* that the great inventor of the microtelescope Gottlieb Juntz, the glass-blower, will lay his indispensable instrument at the feet of the british system-founder and the “now poor, soon rich” german glassblower, will undoubtedly be willing to do so. Inspired by his aged mother,

who has been the washer-woman of so great a man as Goethe, he will submit his Organoscope to the use of Organopathy, no matter what the price of his instrument will be, it will be increased only by a six-pence.

In fact, after giving in the essay all the truths and the lies of one side, and all the truths and lies of the other side, the germ will be like a Judge on the bench, and the new system will grow like a bean, and Gottlieb Juntz be its prop.

There is a great harmony between the two. The great modifier excludes logic, page 28, exactly so the great inventor Gottlieb Juntz excludes optics. Every optician will see this clearly in the telegraph, and every homœopathician in the pamphlet. Openly he confesses to be at loggerheads with logic, and he proves it by facts throughout ; his investigation rests on evidence, *not on logic*, on observation, *not on argument*, page 28. Exactly the same is the case with his great twinbrother Gottlieb Juntz, the glassblower, and his micro-telescope.

The great modifier of Homœopathy and founder of Organopathy gives a number of very pleasing anecdotes, and calls them, page 61, a series of facts. And as he has declared to go by “evidence without logic,” so he does. His building rests on facts and facts alone. Consisting with his rule, every conclusion he draws from each handful of anecdotes is without logic. Nobody will doubt the credibility of any of his “facts,” but logic would not have allowed any of his conclusions. Hence it is a very wise admonition to declare the “without” and to say, page 61 : “go in search of similar facts.” Hahnemann said the very same thing a long time ago, but not without logic and not to the “philosophers.” “Therefore” our original author “offers this” to the “philosophers” as a “scientific basis of medicine” without logic. Do not ask, what the thinking men can do with such a “therefore.” They are obliged to leave it to the “thoughtful men” of page 7. 9. 15. 28. 44. 57. and, of course, to the micro-telescope of Gottlieb Juntz, the glassblower, without optics.

With no less modesty than the authors, page 1, we allow ourselves a little advice for the next edition of his Organopathy : without logic we would have no right to use in scientific works, or such as pretend to be such, expressions like “therefore,” &c.

Therefore our author does not sit like Hahnemann, “even on the best horn of the dilemma,” page 36. The author of the Essay will

see the necessity even to strike out the word "dilemma," a term "borrowed" from logic. The "horns" he may keep to himself, of course both. He says repeatedly, what often has been said, particularly to the Homœopathicians, we should never borrow page 59, l. 20 & 19 from below, &c. Thus he ought not to "borrow" the logical term "dilemma," the horns—why borrow them?

As "the sober mind" of Wm. Sharp was "disturbed" by the "loose manner" of Hahnemann, and therefore he "reduced" Homœopathy "to a more distinct and substantial form," so was Gottlieb Juntz disturbed by the loose manner of the Physician of his invalid wife, invented his glass and proved that the Doctor "was entirely mistaken," "the stomach alone was the part affected," and his "instrument" determined with unvarying accuracy the nature of the disease, *and the proper manner for treating the same*, "he has already nearly cured his wife." This is "evidence, not logic," and now we also may expect Organopathy to "retain more than a very partial and temporary hold upon *thoughtful men*," men without logic, of course.

Gottlieb Juntz and William Sharp both give "the highest possible distinction and the most substantial form;" who cares now about "logic," and above all: about "argument" any more, "the only real test is a practical trial," page 28, line 2, 3 from above.

The inventor of the glass gives a fact, so does the modifier. Nothing shows better the intimate harmony and the great complementary relation between the two. Gottlieb Juntz, the glassblower, saves his wife, after the doctors had treated her in vain for heart-disease, he looks, he sees and he prescribes, because the whole trouble was in the stomach, and he has nearly cured his wife according to the Telegraph.

Our Organopathician tells us a very similar fact, but as he is a real Doctor, of a complete cure, (page 40, 41). A Miss Xy coughed for fifteen years. Old school *and the new* had been consulted with no benefit. He inquires and arrives at the conclusion: the seat is the uterus, notwithstanding "she was otherwise in good health." He gives her sepia and, in a few days, she is quite well. What shall other poor Doctors do, who do not know, how he inquired, and what made him "arrive" at the wholesome "conclusion," and why his choice fell on "sepia;" how can they go and do the same, if they do not get a microtelescope of Gottlieb Juntz, the glassblower, to look into the Miss Xy otherwise

in good health — and into her uterus, to see where the cough came from? Hence, as much as all of us agree with the golden words of our great author: “Ever since there has been a profession, men anxiously yearned after a dogma.” — “Hahnemann made another effort” — “his doctrine promises to result in a reasonable theory,” page 19. But when the great modifier continues and says, *here is it!* when he declares: “My own investigation will be the *missing link, which has not been previously known or taught,*” he makes a peculiar kind of a hysteron proteron summerset. An interleaved copy of his pamphlet could be filled with quotations to each line. Since scores of years every single item of his new doctrine has been bespoken again and again, but of course it was in a “loose manner” and useless, until now, until the royal crown is put on the top of its head, until Gottlieb Juntz, the glassblower’s instrument is united with it.

Thus, when the author calls his doctrine “the missing link,” page 19, it is only one proof more of the missing logic, page 37, and at the same time another proof of his modesty, page 1. Because will it not be much more than a mere link? will it not be everything, and for all times to come? provided, of course, it is united with Gottlieb Juntz the glassblowers unavoidable instrument.

The Organopathist will allow all men to prove drugs on the healthy, but of course will pick out from the results of the provings such symptoms only as undoubtedly are affections of one or another organ, all the rest, hundreds he said, thousands he should have said, had he known more, may be blotted out or thrown overboard, because, he wisely remarks: “no man’s brain is large enough to contain the memory of the symptoms,” and none with a small brain ought now to be afraid, that his brain might be too small to contain the organopathic tables, a filbert nutshell full of brain will be amply sufficient.

The “new” doctrine is: All diseases of mankind are local, all drugs act locally, all diseases are of an organ, all drugs are or ought to be organ-sickening. “Only take the step,” and “perplexities almost disappear,” page 38, 39. In some diseases the disappearance of perplexities will require another step to be taken every year; in diabetes mellitus it was a great step to accuse the kidneys, and a second step to the liver, and a third step to the brain, to stipple out the very causal point, and, after all, we now have to make chemical steps from the sugar back to the starch. Our organopathician says: I now advance a step

further, page 41, line 16 from below. He finds out, that after the perplexities are gone, complexities begin. "Important organs are not simple, but complex structures." Less important organs are thus declared simple; but where are such to be found? Is there anything, that might be called an organ, formed of less than three layers of tissues? and is not that complex enough? Does our Organopathician really know what an organ is? It seems not! But Gottlieb Juntz, the glassblower, he knows; for he not only sees it with his instrument, but the treatment of it also.

Our founder of Organopathy is obliged to appeal to "an accurate diagnosis in diseases," and regarding the drugs a similar accuracy in experiments in health." Now the most accurate diagnosticians are the very ones who agree that in one-half the cases they are at a loss to decide which of the tissues is the most affected. Even the pathologic nature, the kind of affection of an organ, is often, very often, not only difficult to decide, but cannot be decided at all.

Let us refer to one of the latest works, to a work wherein all has been collected and condensed that, up to the remarkable year of 1867, could be found in the pathological works, not only of this country and of Great-Britain, but also France, and above all of Germany. Only one octavo of 629 pages, but containing more about pathology of the old school, and of the homœopathic therapeutical notices, than any other. Let us take Raue's Pathology and Therapeutics (Philadelphia, F. E. Bœricke. London by Turner, 1867.) and ask the author himself. I have done it, and the author handed me the following:

DISEASED CONDITIONS OF THE BODY,

WHICH WE HAVE NO MEANS TO DIAGNOSTICATE WITH ANY CERTAINTY.

Pachymeningitis interna and externa, or inflammation of the internal or external surface of the dura mater. P. 12.

Arachnitis cerebri, p. 12.

Encephalitis, inflammation of the substance of the brain, p. 13.

Encephalo-malacia, p. 18.

Sclerosis, p. 18.

Hypertrophy of the brain after the closure of the sutures, p. 19.

Atrophy of the brain, p. 20.

Tubercles, Tumors, p. 21.

Aneurysms, Animal parasites of the brain, p. 22.

Any infiltration or solidification of the lung-parenchyma, which does not amount to the size of half a dollar in circumference and half an inch of thickness, p. 146.

Gangraena pulmonum, if it should be encysted, p. 190.

Angina pectoris, whether it originates in aneurysm of the aorta, or ossification of the coronary arteries, p. 227.

Aneurysms of the descending thoracic aorta, p. 227.

Syphilitic inflammation of the liver, p. 326.

Acute yellow Atrophy of the liver, difficult of diagnosis, p. 328.

Ecchinococcus-cysts in the spleen, difficult, p. 350.

Sago-spleen, difficult, p. 349.

Diseases of the Pancreas, p. 351.

Diabetes, although easily diagnosticable, we do not know at all the “*why*” of the sugar in the urine. The kidneys are as innocent in bringing it forth as the hydrant in yielding dirty water, if the water in the river is dirty, from whence it is taken. The liver contains sugar only after *death*, &c.

Epilepsy, what do we know of its causes?

Spinal Anaemia and Hyperaemia, p. 450.

Hydrorrhachis acquisita, p. 452.

Myelomalacia, p. 458.

Sclerosis medullae spinalis, p. 458.

Tumors and animal parasites, within the spinal marrow, p. 460.

What becomes in all such cases of Organopathy?

Every one who has common sense enough to be shocked will be shocked, will be shaken, and will — convinced by “evidence” — continue to shake until he gets the glass, the wonderful glass of Gottlieb Juntz, the glassblower.

“Suppose physicians, by careful inquiry, separate general malaise into local ailments, just as astronomers by the telescope can resolve nebulae into separate stars,” page 32, if the astronomer can do anything with such heaps of stars, let him do it, but what shall the poor organopathician do, with a heap of local ailments? He is not able to go by symptoms; what might have lead him has been “blotted out.” Blessed be the glassblower Gottlieb Juntz again and again for presenting at the right time his invaluable Organoscope.

The whole medical world, and the rest of mankind besides, will

agree with the founder of Organopathy in what he says about the diagnosis being turned to better account, p. 38, line 16; "without a careful diagnosis he cannot give a probable prognosis," and we find the same already bespoken in Stapf Archives, vol 10. N. 1. p. 66, line 14 from below, thirty seven years ago and, of course, repeatedly by him who called attention to it, and many others ever since. And not only the prognosis is "urgently desired," the diagnosis is much more so. By almost every sick person physicians will be asked: what is the matter? the very old, most foolish superstition of the multitudes, to suppose: that, if the Doctor knows what is the matter, he can cure it! it becomes a truth, a living truth!

The gratitude of the profession ought to be, and for ever will be, very great; the less the number of Doctors necessarily will be in consequence of Organopathy, the greater the thanks of the multitude should be for all this and one thing more in particular. The necessary diagnosis being unavoidable anyhow, will "answer an additional purpose" "not less important than the first;" "it becomes the true guide in the choice of the remedy," what is "urgently desired" "by the friends of every sick person," what every Physician has to do to please people, the thing all Doctors have to care for, above all other, it helps to the *additional purpose to cure the sick!* But how shamefully this grand purpose would become a sure failure in most cases, without Gottlieb Juntz, the glassblower, and his micro-telescope! And to look at the other side, how shall the provers of drugs obtain a greater accuracy, if their hundreds and thousands of symptoms are blotted out? and what is to be done when, as the founder of Organopathy asks, page 41, line 11 from below, "when more than one act upon such a one ailing organ? more than one is two or three, but our Materia Medica has them by the dozen, nay by the hundreds, all acting upon the same one organ. What shall become of the Organopathic decision, if there are still more provings? We have proved nearly all the elements, but hardly one-tenth of their combinations, one-hundreth of the plants, one-thousandth of the animal substances!

Gottlieb Juntz, the glassblower, steps in here again; all provings are nullified unless a trustworthy Organopathician has, with the new instrument, seen the organ, the very tissues and all; and we may with all ease throw all the old provings overboard, as the wonderful glass shows not only the organ, but also the treatment thereof.

The greatest object of the founder of the new system: Organopathy, being somewhat hidden, it becomes necessary to announce it clearly and plainly to the world. Materia Medica based on provings of the healthy, becomes too clumsy, too large. It is evident, that Dr. Mises was fully right when he wrote: "Do not say a word against the Homœopathists. They are obliged to prove drug after drug, and get symptoms after symptoms, by the hundreds, by the thousands, by the millions! That will be exactly like the big belly of a fat man. Let them go on and before long *the paunch will burst*." This great danger is annulled, Organopathy and her Materia Medica will never burst. Every Doctor is obliged "any how" to know the number of organs in the human system. How easy the thing will be to commit to memory one medicine for each organ! or if there should be "more than one," page 41, line 11, from below for every "affected part" one. And if there are two organs affected by the same drug like ipecacuanha, page 54, 55, one in the abdomen, the other in the chest, by relating it to one, here the pneumogastric nerve.

The grand idea is: a true physician must know every thing by heart. Like the rooster crowing on his dunghill lustily and triumphantly, he shuts his eyes! Why? He wants to prove to his hens and all the chickens about that he knows it by heart. Every real Doctor must shut his eyes likewise, to prove to the patient: he knows all by heart, knows the diagnosis, the prognosis, and for the "additional purpose," the drug. Such is the Organopathician's great aim! and as the "step in advance," page 39, and "the scientific basis," offered page 61, would hardly be sufficient to attain this desirable object, here comes Gottlieb Juntz, the glassblower! One look (of course before the eyes are shut) through his micro-telescope, and the seat of the disease is seen as well as the treatment. Then the eyes may be shut, like unto the rooster, and the cure is certain; as certain as the cure of the Miss Xy, with the coughing uterus for fifteen years, "otherwise in good health."

The most important part in the foundation of the system of Organopathy is the doctrine of Dose.

From beginning to end it runs through the whole, like the purple-colored thread in every piece of rope belonging to the navy of her

majesty the most gracious Queen. Page 21, the philosophical definition is given: "Homœopathy is not an infinitesimal dose!" "The infinitesimal dose shocks the common sense of the profession," "the whole subject is covered with ridicule," "its advocates covered with contempt." *Ay, there's the rub,*" says Hamlet.

Even a man like Watzke enters history with an "alas" at his heels, after he is forced by facts, by numerous facts, to acknowledge, that "infinitesimal" doses have more effect in producing as well as curing sickness. Watzke quotes Palæphatus' Essay upon incredible things; he turns and twists like an eel in the gutter, or as the Catholics say, like the devil in sacred water, throughout his Preface to the Vienna proving of natrum muriaticum, in Oestreichische Zeitschrift, 4. vol., 1848; and finally he says, page 251: "Regarding the dose, I am, alas!—I say " "Alas," " because I should have liked much more to have represented the popular view of the thing, the current opinion, that larger doses are required—but I am forced, I am driven to declare the *preference of the higher dilutions*. The physiological experiments made with the salt, as well as the prevailing, overweighing majority of the clinical results, having thus far been obtained, they speak determinedly and decidedly in favor of the higher."

Watzke is shocked, we see, but acknowledges the truth. How much more he must have been shocked after Eidherr's Reports, proving, by the statistic tables of the Hospital, that the higher dilutions are better qualified to heal the sick, nay, that they act quicker and shorten sickness much more, and that, in cases when undoubtedly objective symptoms, where taken as indications that in the material palpable exsudations, in hepatisation of the lungs after Pneumonia, *the higher the dose, the quicker the cure!* "And to be cured more quickly than before, must be more to the advantage of patients than of doctors" Golden words, to be found in our pamphlet, page 64, lines 9, 8 and 7 from below, London, 1867. On the last page below, and on the first page. "This is common sense." Price sixpence.

Shall we submit and give up the chance of healing the sick much quicker, on account of a vulgar, mean prejudice of that part of our profession who are not able and never learned to think? This, according to our pamphlet, is not common sense on their part, would not be common sense on our side. Shall we not heal the sick, an account of such a most stupid superstition of the uneducated rabble: more must

help more? While in all natural sciences, astronomy, natural philosophy, chemistry, anatomy, physiology, botany, etc., the progressive are forced every year more and more, are driven, like Watzke, against their will, towards infinitesimality?

Since the spectroscopes show billionth parts of drugs, we may expect that the organoscope of Gottlieb Juntz, the glassblower, will do still more; showing organs, their diseases, and the treatment thereof; and if Gottlieb Juntz will continue to improve his "wonderful glass," who knows how far it may go towards infinitesimality?

All the other ideas regarding the dose, in our pamphlet, are nothing new. A little acquaintance with our literature would have driven the founder of organopathy, would have forced him to quotations, some of them very old. What he says about the adaptedness of the dose to the case, we find much better and repeatedly expressed in the Organon. Did our organopathist ever study the Organon of Hahnemann? It seems not! neither that of Aristoteles, nor Lambert; and if we adopt his monkey-like framed word, we might say: his organopathy is in fact also an Organon-pathia. At least our organon has to suffer a great many slanders. One of the coarsest, most abominable slanders, page 51, line 15 and 14 from below, is: "all efforts made in the direction of the patient had failed." If he disregards Hahnemann's observations, on account of his "visionary, unscientific mind," can we permit in him, without censure and blame, the ignorance of not knowing Eidherr's Tables?

The other brilliant idea he proposes with his dearly beloved "*I believe*," "a rule for the dose will be obtained from the provings of the different doses," is a very old, stale fish.

Already in the year 1844, thus nearly a quarter of a century ago, Attomyr, in the New Archives of Stapf, Vol. 1., n. 2., pag. 1., proposes the same, and in a much better manner. And before this number could have arrived in America, a communication to the yearly meeting of Homoeopaths had been mailed, written on the 20. of June, 1844, and was printed in the Archives, same volume, n. 3., p. 161, where, page 179, the very same idea is bespoken *at length and sufficiently* explained.

Since Gottlieb Juntz, the glassblower, steps in with his wonderful instrument at the right time, and organoscopic therapeutics leads th

way: "Westwards and around the world" our whole literature will be unnecessary, with the sole exception of the universal Essay: Organopathy. London, by Turner, price sixpence. Is it not every one's duty now to give his mite and to contribute his share to criticise it? in order to get the only pamphlet left of our whole literature as perfect as possible?

Hence we had to be rather sharp with a Colleague, "a professional brother," who excuses himself, on p. 2d, with such a delicacy of feeling, such a tenderness and respectfulness; "disclaims improper motives and uncharitable feelings," "protests against being supposed desirous to hold up any one to ridicule or contempt;" "when sayings are quoted or doings are referred to, in themselves ludicrous or foolish? Qui s'excuse s'accuse. To state, p. 27, that Hahnemann did not refrain from applying abusive epithets to his professional brethren, nor from ascribing base motives to their conduct, is an inexcusable attempt to slander Hahnemann, who protests against the very same thing in all his writings repeatedly. And the lines 15 from above untill 15 from below are a handful of slanders of a material of defence like the monkeys use, it is said, while hanging in the trees.

In this respect, our Gottlieb Juntz, the glassblower, according to the Telegraph, takes a much higher standing. He *proves* to his wife's doctor, "that he was entirely mistaken" without any slanderous remark. Is it not to be feared that our sanguineous expectation in which we indulged above, page 6, line 3 from below, will be damped and matters be changed into the very opposite? And may not the great union, spoken of all along, only be expected, if we turn the tables and the organophysician lays his pamphlet at the feet of Gottlieb Juntz, the glassblower!

If it has to be, let it be so, and let our important pamphlet, before it is offered again to the profession—at the feet of the glassblower, or *vice versa*—let it assume a little more of a scientific nature, and not be mere shells of worm-eaten nuts.

In its present form, it is not even adapted to the old-school adherers.

Some may suppose that the pamphlet might have been of use to bait some old-school routiniers and get them out of the mud. This our author has made improbable by his imitation and adoption of the same word given by Hahnemann to his new doctrine to distinguish it from others. To adopt this word, and to make a new "pathy," like Lux, the dog-doc-

tor, his Isopathy, like ignorant school-wanting fellows their Hydro-
pathy, Dipsopathy, Electropathy, etc., is enough to kill the modifica-
tor's crowning doctrine in the eyes of the old-school adherents, and all
his crowing by heart is of no use. Whose common sense is shocked
by the infinitesimality, will also be afraid to become a "pathist," and
is not worth having.

We have done with the crowing system, we have done with the
cox-comb crown, but on the top of it is a little diadema made up of
six points, a repetition, an essence of the whole. Six precious stones
we get to boot for the sixpence. It is the missing link with the miss-
ing logic in a nut-shell, page 61 and 62.

We have to begin again and crack these nuts, or rather these shells,
to show what they would be without Gottlieb Juntz', the glassblower's,
wonderful instrument.

1st shell: Separation of principle and infinitesimality of doses.
As long as the "members of the profession" are so deeply sunken in
prejudices, as long as their mind and soul is mastered by the vulgar
superstitions of uneducated people, of the mean rabble, of the dregs
of society, so long will be their nonsensical, self-styled "common
sense" be shocked by the small doses, even by such doses, as are pre-
scribed by the great modifier. Well, that's right! Let them be
shocked! They deserve to be shocked! Their brains may gain by the
shocks. If an old school-doctor, after the morning-dawn reaches him,
begins his new career with larger doses, nobody objects. Hahnemann
did the same. Following Hahnemann's rule -- to adapt the dose to
the state of the sick, thus give *the less the better* — we have to turn our
face towards the infinite, turn our back to the superstitious, absurd,
hellish rule of all the old schools: "*the more the better*," or as much as
the patient possibly can bear without being killed. As soon as we
turn our face to the real adaptedness, to the rule: "*the less the
better*," we will have to go on, one step after the other, of course,
only as far as our ability to observe will allow it, "just large enough
to cure the ailment," page 54. To separate principle and the way to
the infinite is to cut off the root of the tree, and be satisfied with the
bark of it, instead of gathering the fruits the tree will bear.

*2nd shell: By limiting the principle to drugs, to the exclusion of
all other application of it.* Who cares about that? Let every-body

do as they please about this. It is nothing new to allow warm sheets to be put on cold feet. We may adopt, with Hahnemann, the generality of the law, as he explains it, or as it is explained long ago by resting on the similar opposite, being identically the same as the so called interference of light in optics, etc. Mr. Grove, quoted p. 54, line 6 from below, or other natural Philosophers, will settle it in their correlation of forces, a doctrine our great modifier seems not to comprehend at all.

3rd shell: By preferring the view of local to that of general action. O missing link! o missing logic! Has not Hahnemann, since 1810, preferred the local to the general? and has not the whole school always viewed the local first? and was it not, with the more or less probable affections of single organs, always and without exception looked at first, in every collection of drug effects, and in every case to be cured.

And as far back as 1831, Stapf, Archives XI., N. 3., p. 116, line 12 from above, we find: "the first is the locus," down to the pocket-repertory of Boenninghausen, who, after giving in the first division the poor soul the preference, has the second division: parts of body and organs; and in his third division: 1. tissues; 2. glands; 3. bones; 4. skin.

After the treatises on materia medica, arranged according to the organs, like Reil's and others, after the alloecopathic sensation maker, Rademacher, had made Hahnemann's doctrine of epidemics (*manfredt*) comprehensible to the multitude, and added his *Organheilmittel*, every such thing comes too late. And what Hausmann proves, stands far, far above it.

As every mechanical, chemical or other local affection or lesion causes general affections, and all and every local disease is only the consequence of a general disease, and as every organ is composed of several tissues, and every locally separable organ is connected with organs, spread all over through the whole body — where shall the saw be placed to saw it asunder?

And as not only more than one drug, but a great many drugs—the more provings the more drugs—are discovered to affect the same organ, how shall we distinguish them if we will not be ruled by such poor, shallow, superficial and unscientific tables like the sample given? And if we are driven to look to the kind of action, that is also alike in a great many drugs, particularly from the same family, with chem-

ical similarities—nothing remains then but the so-called conditions or modalities, that is, in other words, the connexion of the altered function of one organ with the functions of other organs (before, during, or after eating; before, during, or after stool; or the catamenia, or cough, or while in rest, in motion, &c., &c.); or the connexion with general influences, telluric or solar (heat and cold, weather, times of the day). If we thus do not use the saw of the modicator, and let the whole remain a whole, where is the difference with Hahnemann's advice? Where differs it from the usage of all Homœopathicians? We ought never to forget, in many cases it is the most difficult thing to decide, pathologically, what organ is affected and how, and, after all, if we have succeeded, where is the special indication? We may get a heap of names of drugs, or get a single one only. There we are! Exactly like a man sitting on the branch of a tree, sawing and sawing exactly there where the branch is connected with the trunk of the tree.

Poor as the little organ-table is, page 33, *how was all* that is given there *found out*? By provings, but not by provings alone. Also by the comparative study of all the results of all the provings, and not by that alone! Also by giving it to the sick, and successfully, corroborating our group of symptoms by practice. Who could trust any symptom obtained by proving as a truth, if it was not corroborated again and again! And what has decided in the choice of such drugs to heal the sick? It was found out by following Hahnemann's advice, to take all the symptoms of the case and compare them with all the symptoms of the drug. That is the way, and the only way.

And every one who finds this to be too much trouble, let him put *Organopathy* of Wm. Sharp, London 1867, price sixpence, in his breast-pocket, and in his coat-pocket the micro-telescope of Gottlieb Juntz, the glassblower, and go on.

4th shell: "By directing attention to the organs which are the seat of the symptoms." This is an empty cracked shell, as we have already seen; but an additional shell here wants a turn into the light. "*No man's brain is large enough to contain the memory of the symptoms.*" It shows how the "missing link" "blotting out" "hundreds of symptoms," page 39, will never learn to unite all of them and arrive, by careful induction, at characteristics, which is the true Hahnemannian way. Such absurd assertions, such complaints about too much only the Homœopathic School allows to be made, by

their so-called critics, Progressionists, Modifiers and the like; the Homœopathists themselves have drawn in, by means of asses and mules, the wooden horse, as the Trojans did, inside of their walls, and out crept a host of amphibious vermin.

What would the astronomers say if one would tell them: no man's brain is large enough to keep in memory the newly discovered Planetoids, and their elements, their epochs, their daily velocity, their nodes, and their inclinations; 66 is more than enough, stop! our brain is not large enough! And still more: who can remember all the stars of heaven? stop observing them and cataloguing them; our brain is not large enough.

Or if one would say to the Chemists: By all the elements! stop discovering new elements; 66 are more than enough; no man's brain is large enough; overboard with the spectroscope; let the elements alone! Or if one would say: stop! your intricate and endless complex organic Chemistry; not enough to fill our brain up to the brim with alcohols, æthers and aldehyds; who could fill it also with methylic and propylic, caproic and caprylic, cetylic, cerylic, melyssilic alcohol and melissic acid and all their differing relations and di- tri- and tetra-combinations? stop! Terchloride of formyle and tri-e-thylaminum and tri-methylamine of Platinchlorid, and allow such things to be found in the Retina? Never! no man's brain is large enough. Is it not enough to overload our brain already with Chinine, Cinchonin, Chinoidin, Chinitin, China-acid, Chinova-acid, Chinager-acid in the bark of one single plant alone. Tell the chemists, it was an impudence to talk about chinolin or quinolein, formechnalin and hydriod-formechnolin and methyl-irisin, vinechinolin, æthyl-irisin, mylechinolin and hydriod-myle-chinolin? and all this out of one kind of plant! Can any man's brain be large enough?

And the Botanists, have they ever objected to the 6895 genera of plants Endlicher enumerated already 27 years ago? have they ever said: stop your describing 65,536 species, because no man's brain is large enough? What would they say, if one would advise them, stop describing the useless Cyperoids, their 66 genera and more than 1200 species; no man's brain can contain the memory!

And the Zoologists! Herrmann's folio monography of the acari only has been surpassed by doubling it again and again! And the spiders — poor Linné, according to Lister, had 38, and Lister added

258, according to the translation of Martini, edited by Goeze, 1778; and now we find Eugene Simon, in 1864, has the impudence to enumerate 516 species *in Europe alone*, excluding Africa, Asia, New-Holland and North and South America; the latter alone has as many as the rest of the world. Is there any man's brain large enough for the spiders alone? and the fossil spiders discovered in the Jura and Solenhoffer slate are not among them! not to say a word of the 20,000 fossil animals enumerated already in 1859! Wm. Sharp, M. D. F. R. S., ought to come and look at the brain of our Leidys, our Danas, which contain not only all this, but a great deal more besides.

But astronomers, chemists, botanists, zoologists will smile and treat such objections with silent contempt. Only among physicians there is a clapping of hands, a stamping of the feet, three cheers for the great modifier! Strike the symptoms out, says Roth in Paris; blott them out, says Wm. Sharp in London. The question: how can our materia medica become a science, if it is not built up to be a natural science, if we let it depend on such out-cries: that our brains were not large enough to master it! finds no place in such brains.

5th shell: By recommending the study of the action of the drugs on the component parts of an Organ. An empty shell, bespoken and broken already.

6th shell: And by pointing out the necessity, which exists for proving the more powerful drugs in different doses.

Hahnemann has first proved the lower, and told us in what doses; afterwards he proved the higher, and tells us the why and wherefore. The Vienna provers used the lower by preference, but also the higher; the result we know. The whole "respectfully offered modification" would be thus nothing but an impudent, ignorant malefaction, if Gottlieb Juntz, the glassblower, did not come to his rescue.

Sir John Forbes is quoted in the foot-note, page 10. His whole sentence in italics is copied nearly verbatim from Hahnemann, and from the Hahnemann of the last twenty years of his life. All of us, his followers, are *as precise in our indications, as direct in our actions, and as positive in our results*, as possible, and as can be expected, and are increasing daily in precision, direct action, and positiveness. And organopathy would give nothing but a mock precision, a mock direction and a mock positiveness; in fact would have to depend altogether on accidental results, like that of Miss Xy, did not our Gottlieb Juntz, the glassblower, step in with his wonderful glass.

To such a union we give up. To the missing link and the wonderful glass even *Grauvogl* and *Hausmann* will have to surrender; and an unconditional surrender it will have to be, to the victor without logics, without optics, without argument and without reason for the treatment.

Our author concludes, p 63, "I have warned them," — without logic — "last from undue regard to authority" — without argument — "they follow Hahnemann instead of truth" — with the missing link, — "and so fall into routine" — escaping perplexities — "and lose their pre-eminence" — to sit on the best horn of the dilemma. Regards "improvement," "advancement," strengthen their claims. "I have shown how reason" — without logic — "and experience" — without argument — "and reliance on nature" — particularly on the two horns — "and above all the collateral sciences," do it, and what was of the greatest necessity has been done, "the collateral sciences" have produced a microtelescope "without optics," a wonderful glass "without arguments."

That is what *was to be proved, and it has been proved.*

And such a proof was a necessity, at least for us. Because if, peradventure, the wonderful glass should not be exactly what the Telegraph says, and if, like all the bubbles, our glassblower has blown heretofore, this also would burst; what, in such a terrible case, would become of the other twin-brother, of the wonderful Essay on Organopathy? An Essay cannot burst, particularly not such a "modest" one. Are these twins really doomed, like the Siamese, born together, to live together, to die together? Nothing remains, but to wait, Micawber-like, "for something to turn up." Or the new Era will not come! Like the often-coming Millenium, will disappoint the multitudes again! Hence, let us keep our books, including the Hahnemannian *Materia Medica*, so as it is, and let us wait and have patience.

Kepler said: If the Lord had patience to wait so many thousand years until the harmony of the universe was understood by some of his own images made in his own likeness,—shall we, the poor creatures, "men of like passions," not have the patience with our fellow-men to wait a few years? Let us wait! Truth from heaven will never perish.

CONSTANTINE HERING.

Philadelphia, Feb. 3d, 1868.

